

and gone so soon! Life! how precarious! Earth's fairest scenes and most alluring prospects, oh! how frequently are they overclouded with pain, diseases, accidents, or death.—Yes! all on earth is *Vanity*! our brightest hopes are in a moment darken'd, and often vanish in the morning of our days, as the early dew at the rising of the sun; our promises of happiness and expectations of felicity, are blasted and destroyed in the twinkling of an eye.

What then is youth, but vanity? and our terrestrial enjoyments, but vexation of spirit? nothing here below is permanent and abiding; a few years more at most, it may be only *days*, and I myself must die; tho' now I'm young, in health, and free from pain, I tremble to reflect, how soon I may be numbered with the silent dead.—Yes, I know I must ere long die as well as others, but where I shall be after death, and what will be the condition of my soul when separated from my body, alas! who can tell?

When the shadows of the evening shall be succeeded by the gloomy veil of night, these verdant fields, and yonder charming prospect of distant hills and vales and opening glades, will loose their charms and be no longer seen; thus will it be with the pleasing enchantments of riches, youth and beauty, when the last enemy of nature shall close my weary

eye-lids, and all things on earth shall be no more to me."

Here *Theron* stopt, and after writing a pencil, the following pathetic line on *Eliza's* monument, expressing his sentiment on the vanity, and lamenting the frailty of every sublunary pleasure, returned to his habitation, while the moon, in silver robes rode solemn thro' the skies.

Happy the man, and he alone appears
Who having once, unmov'd by hopes or fears
Survey'd the sun, earth, ocean, cloud, and flame,
Returns well-satisfied from whence he came
Tho' life's an hundred years, or e'er it ends
'Tis repetition all and nothing new.

Death is the certain end of all that we
Health may prolong, but can't the death
give,

Then why procrastinate the wholesome
When the next moment is beyond
power?

Millions have lived upon to-morrow's
And, dying, found to-morrow never
Life, how precarious! but how full
doom!

E'en cradles rock us nearer to the tomb

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